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QUAINT SCRAPS;

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OR,

SUDDEN COGITATIONS.

BY NATHAN COWARD,

Professor of Quaintness, and Member of the Principal Cogitating Societies of Europe.

"See! see! at length he comes!
His cogitative faculties immersed
In cogibundity of cogitation:
Let silence close our folding doors of speech,
'Till apt attention tell our heart the purport
Of this profound profundity of thought."

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

LYNN:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

INTRODUCTION.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun," was the exclamation of that right-knowing King Solomon of proverbial memory, some *few* centuries ago; and that indeed, appears to be the opinion of the Solomons of the present day. Allowing the justness of the observation, perhaps it will be not improper to enquire into the cause of this general dearth of novelty, and at the same time to address a few words to those insignificant shadows of importance, who blessed with capacities sufficient to read the Old Testament, without spelling more than every third word, enlarge on the sublimity of works they cannot read, and criticise with the acuteness of an Aristarchus, on the impropriety of an observation they cannot comprehend.

On the one hand, when an Author ushers his Performance into the world, who writes with an intention of *pleasing* that world, the general remarks are "nothing new!" "The ideas are pretty fair, but very old," with others of a similar nature. And on the other hand, I think it must be allowed, that when a man of independant spirit, instead of meanly coinciding with

the observations of others, because they are consonant with the predominant fashion of the day, dares to have an opinion of his own, and feeling his ideas expanded by the influence of liberality, advances arguments against any old establishment, however ridiculous, that man, I say, is considered as labouring under the effects of derangement, or endeavouring to overturn the present system of things by the dangerous principles of innovation. His Book may perhaps gain a few partizans; but let the merit be ever so considerable, it either is oppressed by the cold hand of policy, or falls a victim to the influence of prejudice.

Trivial indeed, is the encouragement given to Authors, when every one thinks himself qualified with the disgusting pedantry of a Johnson, to pass sentence upon Productions, whose titles alone they have condescended to examine. And frequently have I seen one of those disgusting pigmies of criticism, just escaped from the birch of the schoolmaster, censuring through the medium of spectacles with all imaginable gravity, a deficiency in the rhyme of a verse he had not the ear to read with accuracy, nor the penetration to discern the sense. It is ye therefore, ye *Mites of Criticism!* it is ye alone I fear! for like your *name-sakes*, the greater the richness and goodness of the cheese, the more destructive are your depredations, and the more numerous your partizans. But I am deviating from my intention. I shall therefore content myself with observing, that altho' every one most undoubtedly has the right of passing his opinion upon the publications of the day, yet, at the same time, few, but very few, are endowed with the requisite penetration of a critic; and therefore I would advise those "Literary Butchers"

to be careful in hazarding too publicly their opinions, because, alas! they only tend to expose their own ignorance and presumption.

From what I have observed, some of my Readers will perhaps imagine, that I am only anticipating the reception of my own Work; and, that as it is the *first* time I ever had the honour of conducing to the pleasure and advantage of society, I must of course feel those anxieties generally attendant upon an Author in a similar situation. But let me undeceive them; I have none of those fears and anxieties, for I feel too well convinced, that the inexpressible merit of the Work itself must ensure it a favourable reception, and procure the Author that extensive celebrity his truly wonderful and original genius demands. There is something like *novelty* in this declaration; for who has ever before heard an Author, the first time of addressing the Public, daring to be conscious of his own abilities, condemning the partial and truly predominant system of the moment, and blighting with his potent breath the weak and sickly blossoms of *false delicacy*. I am resolved to shew the world, at least in this respect, some portion of originality; for I shun the general path of Authors, and instead of "*feeling conscious of the numerous defects, and submitting my trifles with all possible humility to the candour and justice of a generous public,*" I venture to assert, and my Work will, I am confident, prove the truth of the assertion, that the public must unavoidably receive the greatest advantage from my labours; and every member of society expanding with wisdom and independance, shall bless the hour that ushered into existence, my "QUAINT SCRAPS, AND MY

"SUDDEN COGITATIONS." For what Author, were he *actually* conscious of his numerous defects, &c. would wish to trust himself to the mercy of that *generous* Public, which *every one* condemns for want of discernment and liberality. No! I profess, and I *am* what I do profess, a man of independant spirit!!! And altho' I have hitherto dwelt in obscurity, and felt the annihilating influence of oppression, and the icy grasp of poverty, yet have I ever enjoyed the praise-worthy luxury of having an opinion of my own; because—I am conscious of the inferiority of the opinions of others. But I think I have sufficiently declared my sentiments upon the subjects I intended, and I shall therefore proceed to make a few brief observations upon some parts of my sage Cogitations.

In a Collection like the following, it is impossible to meet with that equality of merit and amusement the generality of Readers expect to discover. And altho' perhaps, *some* of my Effusions may be found rather more deficient in wit and knowledge than others, yet it is evident, that the merit of even the *smallest is very considerable*; and that the whole is the production of a man of sound judgment and original genius! And as the rays of the sun are more powerful when condensed into one focus, so are the emanations of my unknown abilities.

The Letter to the Right Hon. Wm. P*tt has been remarked by some of my intimate literary Friends, who have seen it in MSS, to contain an immense quantity of truly financial maxims and political resources, which evince at the same time, a compleat acquaintance with the laws of nations, and a profundity of philosophical reasoning, too profound to be understood

by common capacities; whilst the internal situation of the kingdom is depictured in the bright and animated colours of Truth and Impartiality!

In the Essays, the Reader will discover an uncommon portion of solid argument, a profusion of genuine wit and humour, and a perfect picture of the manners of the world. And a few words only are requisite to characterize the Poetry. The Poems, particularly the Epitaphs, will astonish the Reader, by the accuracy of delineation, the nervous and manly power of expression, and the dulcet harmony of the versification. And I wish particularly to remark, that the beautiful Love Epistle, (page 34) contains the very essence of affection, and most pathetically describes, with all possible pathos, all the pleasing anxieties and *extatic extacies* of the tender passion.

I shall now take leave of my Readers, with that conscious satisfaction, which the reflection of having contributed materially to the pleasure of society, and the welfare of the community naturally inspires; and content myself with merely observing, (for far be it from me to say ought to the disparagement of my *brother Authors*) that if HOMER excelled in the richness of his imagery and the loftiness of his descriptions; if the compositions of CICERO and DEMOSTHENES are models of eloquence; if SHAKESPEAR has been extolled as the favourite Child of Fancy, as the Sweet Bard of Nature; if MILTON has the praise of sublimity; and POPE that of harmony of numbers; if the strains of YOUNG flow in solemn grandeur and abound in sententious expression; whilst SHENSTONE is admired for the native sweetness and simplicity of his muse; in short, though SWIFT may have wit, and FIELDING

humour; though STERNE displays a refined sensibility, and JOHNSON depth of observation and acuteness of reasoning,—yet, still gentle Reader, still I hesitate not to assert, that the grand consolidation and concentration of *all* those excellencies in *one* splendid object, blazing forth like the orb of day in its meridian lustre, *was reserved to be displayed, for the astonishment of the world, and the glory of the eighteenth century, in the*

AUTHOR

of the following Collection of

Quaint Scraps, and Sudden Cogitations.

I am, courteous Reader,

Thine affectionate Friend,

To command,

Nathan Coward.

*Life of the Author.**

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene
" The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,
" Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
" And waste it sweetness on the desert air."

GRAY.

DEAD to the charms of truth and sensibility must be the man, who can read the above quotation without acknowledging the justness of the reflection, or feeling the full force of the Poet's sweet and pathetic delineation. Unfortunately, the *truth* of the observation must be too obvious to require a moment's considera-

* N. C. begs leave to request, that in case these Memoirs should fall (and undoubtedly they must) into the hands of the learned and respectable Editors of the BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA, that they will remember, in the next edition, to insert them; as he is unwilling HIS Name, like many others of men of genius, should be found in the records of " Neglected Biography." He begs Dr. WATKINS also to observe the same, in the next edition of his truly valuable Dictionary.

tion; for alas! how many a bud of genius ready to expand and scatter around its animating sweets, hath been blighted by the chilling blasts of poverty, and crushed beneath the foot of contempt!

Ah! who can tell how many a genius, with a soul alive to every impulse of sensibility, and a mind conscious of its own gigantic powers, driven to despair by the neglect of a selfish and illiberal world, hath sought, like the ill-fated CHATTERTON, a refuge in the solitary grave!

In recording the life of a man of genius, it is but seldom we find any occurences remarkably interesting, except he be one of those ill-fated ones I have mentioned above; and I alas! am one of those. I shall therefore proceed to give some account of MYSELF, with all possible impartiality; and I am conscious, that the incidents of my Life will be found far more interesting then the exploits of TOM HICKATHRIFT, or the History of ROBINSON CRUSO!!!

BE IT KNOWN therefore, that I NATHAN COWARD, of Dersingham, in the county of Norfolk, *haberdasher*, *glover*, *poet*, and *green-grocer*, and Author of the following SAGE COGITATIONS, (to use my own favourite expression) *came forth* on Friday, the 13th day of April, 1735, O. S. at twenty-eight minutes past seven o'clock in the evening, to the great comfort and satisfaction of my beloved parents, and to the inexpressible honour of the town of March, in the Isle of Ely, and county of Cambridge.——And here let me pause awhile and indulge my soul with the sweet and fascinating vision of anticipation. Who knows but the time may come, when posterity enchanted with the effusions of my wisdom, shall pronounce the name of NA-

THAN COWARD with the most profound respect and veneration; and perhaps, in future ages celebrated thro' the world, as I have reason to expect my name will be, the place of my birth will be disputed like that of the Blind Man of other days. But courteous Reader, I had forgotten *myself, (which is not often the case I can assure thee)* yet pardon me, for nothing becomes a man of genius so much as absence of mind! and a peculiar facility in making his discourse like an OLLA PODRIDA, or a fashionable rout, where there such a mixture of good and bad that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other!

WILLIAM COWARD my father kept a small grocer's shop at March, and blessed with a wife of a disposition similar to his own, enjoyed all that refined domestic happiness which can alone spring from reciprocal affection and congeniality of soul!!—I was the first pledge of their ever faithful loves! and great was the solicitude with which my affectionate mother caudled and cradled me in the days of my infancy: And I have since been informed, with what inexpressible delight frequently would my enraptured father hang over my cradle, and tracing the expanding lineaments of my face, find *all* the beauties of his beloved Mary! And if any thing occurred to interrupt their domestic felicity, (which must sometimes be the case in the happiest family) a *squeak* of their lovely boy, like oil thrown upon the troubled waters, instantly concluded the strife, and introduced universal harmony! Then, in the extacy of those extatic moments, would they squeeze their *little Nathan* to their bosoms; and my nasal organ (by nature adapted, vid. Frontispiece) glittered with the rapturous pearls of their reconciliation!!!

At the age of five years I was placed under the wing of the widow Hawkins.

" A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
" A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
" Albeit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth;
" Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
" Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
" Or dame, the sole additions she did hear."

SHENSTONE'S SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

Four years only I remained with the good old woman; and having made considerable progress in English Literature, I was sent to the Rev. Wm. Wendall, a most sagacious school-master and a profound scholar, with whom I continued three years, astonishing my school-fellows by the briliancy of my genius, and the acuteness of my wit.

Although I am conscious that it would be of the *greatest importance* to record the events of every hour of my existence, yet I have reasons of a nature the most potent and cogent for depriving the world of so much pleasure, and shall therefore briefly notice, that I lived with my father till I left him; and was then bound apprentice to my cousin, the late Mr. C. of Lynn; and it is only a natural dislike I have to give pain to the feelings of any one, that prevents me from fully relating the grievous and inhuman treatment I experienced during the whole of my apprenticeship.

At the age of twenty, whilst with Mr. C. one day passing by a small shop, the windows of which were

nearly blinded by gloves and second-hand inexpressibles, through a small aperture I unfortunately caught a glimpse of a lady's countenance, which was more divinely enchanting than all

" That youthful poets fancy when they love !"

She was making wash-leather gloves; and I was surprised to think, that never before had the briliancy of that jewel flashed through the *half-closed casket.* I returned home; my work fell from my hands; my whole soul was wrapt in the cœlestial charms of the divine Miss Barbara Green, who, though a maiden lady something more than fifty, had by the power of her fading beauty, annihilated my repose, and blighted every desire of existence. Daily I felt the fascinating power of the tender passion; my eyes lost their lustre; the roses faded from my cheeks; and the folds of my waistcoat evinced my corporeal dimunition; yet silently I fed upon my griefs; and though the canker-worm of sorrow preyed upon my soul, yet I was

" Like Patience on a monument,
" Smiling at Grief."

At length however, chance enabled me to make an offer to the Idol of my Soul; but alas! in vain did I harangue with all the powers of eloquence on the charms of a connubial life; in vain did I talk of flaming torches, smiling cupids, and hymeneal altars, in derision she asked me, if my impure hands were adapted " to pluck the lovely lily from the vale?"— " No," says she, " my flowers may fade, but *I will be*

an *Ever-Green.*" In despair I left her: and shortly after conceiving it better to have any wife than none, married the present Mrs. Coward, with whom, for the space of forty-five years I have enjoyed all possible domestic felicity: she has increased my pleasures and diminished my sorrows. Soon after my marriage I left Lynn, where I met with many impositions and misfortunes, and retired to the village of Dersingham, where remote from the "vulgar throng," I have "cogitated in cogibundity of cogitation."——And now I have only two wishes to be gratified: the one is, once more to see my daughter who is married and settled at Liverpool; and the other, that I could once more visit the place of my nativity, and that my bones may moulder in the same grave with my long-lost, and long-lamented parents.

Dersingham, September 5, 1800.

Commendatory Verses,

ADDRDSSED

TO NATHAN COWARD,

the sage Author of the following

Scraps.

By Barnabas Boldero, LL. D. V. S. M. O. P. Q. &c.

Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii!

WHY should the dead all, all our praise inherit?
Rise honest Muse! and sing GREAT NATHAN's merit.
O MILTON! thou who, fancying strange hubrubs,
Could'st sing of nought but Saints and Beelzebubs.
And all ye far-fam'd Bards of elder times,
Who long since spun your cob web brains for rhymes,
Avaunt! avaunt! hide your diminish'd heads!
When the sun shines, the stars should seek their beds.
No longer clouds the dawning light imprison;
The golden age is come! A mighty Sun is risen!
A mighty sun, whose congregated rays
At DERSINGHAM pour forth their dazzling blaze;
Nor there alone, but e'en throughout all nations
Beam NATHAN's *Scraps and Sudden Cogitations!*
None better knows Pindaric Odes to write,
None e'er a better Love-song could indite;
None better knows to play the Tragic part,
Or with sweet Anthems captivate the heart;

None better knows to sport extempore Wit,
Or with strange spells avert an Ague Fit;
None better knows to frame th' elegiac Air,
Or with the nasal Jews-harp charm the ear!
Ah NATHAN! NATHAN; would'st thou but attend
The advice of one, who boasts himself thy friend;
Thy triple-corner'd beaver lay aside,
Know thine own worth—assert a Poet's pride;
And (since a Laurel-wreath, or Tiar of gold
Would ill defend thy *Caput* from the cold,
And pity 'twere, so choice a store of brains
Should suffer harm from frost or winter rains)
Of finest *Horse-hair* weave a crown so trim,
Let *Rabbit-skins*, for Ermine guard the brim:
In front, let two *Rams-horns* appear on high,
Fandango Pins the jewels place supply.
So shall the Sculptor grave thy reverend bust,
And Afterages own the Portrait just!

Cogitating College, Philadelphia.

QUAINT SCRAPS;

OR,

SUDDEN COGITATIONS.

*To the Hon. Wm. P*tt, First of Ministers,*
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

MAY it please your gracious honour, dear Sir! to take into your honourable consideration the undermentioned business, which, I think at this critical cricis and expensive period, wants very much to be put in practice, to the advantage of the World, the benefit of our own Government, the public's Welfare, and the glory of Dersingham; especially at this severe and expensive time of need!

Honourable Sir! according to accounts and prophecies in the Newspapers, you are much troubled to raise money to support the expences of this present bloody, and cruel war; I am going, therefore, to lay before your honourable presence, a method (according to mine as also many of the same like opinion) of raising, and making money; I believe in the power of man to be thought of. It entered my mind in the open field, talking to Will. Jeary, a poor man, concerning the Taxes, with empty pockets, and tears in his eyes, as also my own, Mr. P*tt.

Beloved and honoured Sir! be not angry at my proposal, if not approved of, which is, *only* to beg of all Dukes, Lords, Earls, Baronets, Country 'Squires, profound Justices, Gentlemen, great and rich Farmers, topping Tradesmen and others, who to my certain and inconceivable knowledge have so much unnecessary, ornamental, and useless Plate of all sorts, kinds, and descriptions, to be *agreeable* (as doubtless they must, when requested by your reverence) to deliver up the same immediately to Government, to be made into Money, for the support of this just and necessary war. If that was done, your honour might then be able (as I hope in our blessed Redeemer's name you would be willing) to take *some few* Taxes off the necessaries of life, which are so severely and abundantly felt.

Honoured Sir! my plan is not to debar any one from having a sufficient quantity of such like Plate, but only that part which stands and remains useless and unused, which would raise many hundreds, if not thousands of money. I have but very little, yet I am (and so is my wife in God's name) minded, willing, and desirous, out of half a dozen tea spoons to deliver up half, which you know, mighty calculator, will be exactly three.

Mr. P*tt, let us consider, that seeing all these things is no more than beholding them with our eyes.—Samson Gudgeon and other Turks and Israelites perhaps will be ravished away from them all before to-morrow, and what immense sums of money must they have acquired, by making up so many useless things, such as great Waiters, Tea-kettles, Frying, and Sauce-pans, and sundry other articles in the silver and gold way, too tedious to mention, were they now turned

into money, I think they would supply your wants of cash, which is so severely felt. Brass, Earthenware, Pipe-clay, China, and Glass, nothing can be sweeter nor look neater, and sufficient for any man or woman upon earth to eat and drink out of. Let us all in the name of God! be contented with the blessings which would be showered so abundantly upon us, would we be ruled and guided by his commands.

Mr. P*tt, these sentiments I deliver from my heart, they are the dictates of wisdom, and the fruit of experience! and I have found by scripture, there is no other way in serving God right, than by living up to his precepts; if so done, then England would become a flourishing and prosperous Nation, and perhaps Dersingham a mighty City.

Most honourable! I will now instance a passage in Moore's Almanack for the year 1780, as also many more in his former Almanacks that truly came to pass before he prophecied.—I have twenty of them by me, beautiful indeed, laid up in lavender, and worthy the attention of the learned. He says the world will be still mad; hard indeed!!! And his Almanack for the year 1775, has, at the entrance, a pair of Spectacles, saddled upon an old lady's nose, and drawn forth in a most surprising manner; had we but truly minded the contents, which were to open our eyes, and forewarn us of the many evils that have come upon us! He says

Indulge good men and just,
Then we
Shall see,
Both you and the kingdom too
From dangers free;

For God and your poor pining country's sake,
Avoid the dangers, and new measures take.

Mr. P*tt, there is one evil which wants altering, viz. laying the Small Farms together, and which has brought many familys' upon every parish. The millers also are as bad, and do as they like; pray Sir, alter that bad event, as you have it in your power to give away loaves and fishes sometimes, and tie them by law to sell the flour according to the price of wheat, the bakers are confined to do it, and so should they.

Mr. P*tt, I have a particular prophecy by me which was written six hundred years ago, and has been fulfiling with truth ever since 1790: Eight years is come exactly, so it goes on to 1800. Pray God send the remainder may come; but before that, great changes must take place, upon which account, honourable Friend, I could like to be and talk with you.

Was our good and gracious K—g, as also yourself, worthy Mr. P*tt, once to come down into the country, and take a survey of matters, you would be astonished how abundance of individuals live. Pray Sir, in God's name, take off a few Taxes from the necessaries of life, especially salt, sugar, leather and parchment.—Mr. P*tt, pride is the offspring of all mischief, and I fear it will be the ruin of our nation, unless some great and speedy alteration be speedily performed, and put in practice.

I fear the influence of some cruel star;
Let God keep Europe from unholy war.

Moore's Almanack.

Now is the vengeance of the Almighty poured down upon us. The earth groans with the weight of sin and wickedness, which it now carries, to the discomfiture of all pious and well meaning Christians, from the deep abyss of abomination, unto the blessed heavens.—I, myself, have but six or seven shillings a week coming in, and sometimes not that, by losses and bad debts; and now the corn is dropt, we still labour under great apprehensions in other articles.

Dear and Noble Sir! the Corn Trade going so high was the rising of every thing, and causes much oppression and distress in the nation. I have heard that many of the farmers were so wicked as to give their hogs their wheat, because they wanted sixty pounds a last! No conscience! Shameful!

I once heard a sermon preached on a Thanksgiving-day, for the proclamation of peace, by one Rev. Mr. Stony, at Lynn, Norfolk, mentioning the whole calamities of the war; and he brought your honourable father in very fine. I wish from the bottom of my heart I may shortly hear such a like one preached upon your honour! but I dare say, Mr. P. you have read the fable of the "Blackamoor," they could not wash *him* white!

I have, at this present, a collection of beautiful and interesting draughts of my own composing, in God's name, such as you never saw. Could you have the perusal of them, you would think them very fine and worth notice. I am much advised by the bench of B——p's, my wife's brother, and others, to have them published for the good of the community and the glory of Dersingham. I have been in London, and saw the Tower, and Wax-work in Fleet-street, and wish

time and opportunity would permit me to be there at present.

Honoured Sir! from whence comes wars, and rumours of wars, cock-fightings, and burglaries, but from our sins and wickedness, our pride and discontentedness, our envy and ambition, our poverty and want. The limits of one sheet of paper being filled, I must conclude, with wishing well to our good and gracious K—, the Q——, and all the R—-l Family; as also to your honour, Mr. P*tt, your consort, sons and daughters, (if any) and family in general; adding a plain and sincere compliment, that is, God in heaven bless you altogether, and turn your hearts to that which is righteous, and every upright, true, and loyal soul, that is really and sincerely acting for the kingdom's good, and publick's welfare.

With all possible esteem and veneration,
I remain in duty bound,
Your honour's most devoted
Humble and obedient Servant,
To command till Death,

Nathan Coward,
Glover and Poet.

Dersingham, near Lynn, Norfolk,
March 24, 1799.

P. S. I have a nice *Draught* composed on Q—— C———'s arrival to the throne of Great Britain, with a fine Ode upon a Thunder Storm, but cannot find room to set them down.

☞ *The Author thinks it necessary to inform his numerous Friends and the Public in general, that he received the following very interesting and pathetic Letter from the Secretary of Finance, in answer to his own sublime Epistle to the Right Hon. Wm. P*tt; and it is inserted here, merely to shew the world the great deference and attention men of superior abilities and congenial souls, pay to the observations of each other.* N. C.

London, D———g-street, January 4th, 1799.

Sir,

I Never was more surprised at any thing than at the receipt of yours, containing such truly financial maxims, for the continuance of a war, that has been carried on with the greatest success. A war unjustly provoked by an ambitious, perfidious, implacable foe: a war that this country has been forced into: a war that must be continued, even for the preservation of our lives and property.

The hints which you there dropped will move every wheel, will string every nerve, will give this country a wonderful superiority of internal resources; and will enable her to meet her poor, though haughty enemies with every advantage. And I am desired, particularly desired, to inform you, that after their having been maturely considered and examined by the greatest financiers this country can boast, they have with that judgment and candour which characterise discerning men, pronounced them as yet unequalled. Many observations upon the same subject have been received, but till now no one dared to sign his name, being as supposed conscious that their produc-

tions were not like yours, equal to the task they had undertaken; for pity it is, that abilities like your's should be obscuered from mankind. With much gratitude, and the greatest respect,

I am Sir,
Your most obedient
Humble Servant*

P. S. It is my utmost wish and shall be my endeavour, at some future period, to place you in an exalted station.

An Acrostic.

HAST thou for refuge fled to Jesus's blood?
Art thou an heir of Christ's, the child of God?
Nothing have you to fear: upon reflection,
Nor cowardly be but free, from all dejection.
Almighty power is engaged for thee:
His word believe, to him for mercy flee.

Come on my friend, and dare to be courageous;
Oh! shun the world, the ways are all contageous.

* Every one, the least conversant in the manners of the mighty, cannot fail to remember, that GREAT MEN, despising the common plain plebeian method, generally scrawl their Names in a manner, so unintelligible, that neither themselves nor any body else can read them. This accounts for the blank the Reader must perceive above.

With Jesus walk, and keep the prize in view;
Aspire towards heav'n, the promise is for you.
Remember Christ your Saviour gone before ye:
Dare to believe, and urge your way to glory.

August 8th, 1798.

Epitaph upon my own Cousin Peter Coward, who lies buried in March Church Yard, patiently awaiting the joyful day of resurrection, that he may again play upon his Hautboy, and join in the chorus of Angels and Archangels, Seraphims and Cherubims.

HERE lies Peter Coward, who many well know
Did take great delight on the Hautboy to blow;
But by blowing of it, he shorten'd his breath,
And now his young body is laid in the earth!

June 7, 1778.

A sudden Cogitation, upon visiting a Neighbour, when a Quarrel arose.

WHAT a happy thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, for then they never quarrel; especially a set of relations, which may be reckoned as a family. But the accomplishment of such divine characters must be obtained by a congeniality of soul, or a sincere regard towards each other; and by frequently using the precious ointment of Forbearance, and the Oil of Humanity! Hell-nourished Ambition must

be guillotined, and gigantic Pride strangled by the Halter of Reason!

Sept, 4th, 1778.

A Charm for the Ague.

WHEN Jesus went to the Cross to be crucified, the Jews asked him and said, art thou afraid, or hast thou got an Ague? And Jesus answered and said, I am not afraid, neither have I got an Ague.—All those that bear the name of Jesus about them shall not be afraid, neither shall they have the Ague! Amen, sweet Jesus! Amen, sweet Jehovah! Amen.

Affecting Elegy on the Death of a Young Gentleman.

THOU 'rt gone, dear Youth! thy parents left to mourn
The loss of thee, who once was call'd their own;
But th' Almighty God, the maker of us all,
Sent his grand summons, for thee t' obey his call.
At his most gracious will, all flesh must yield,
Both on the seas, and in the bloody field.
Frail nature shrinks, at death's most dread alarms;
But bless the Youth who sleeps in gracious arms;
Free from the cares, the sorrows, and the strife
Of this uncertain, perishable life;
Thou 'rt gone sweet Youth, and left thy brother weeping
O'er thy dead corpse, who thinks thou art but sleeping;

In truth thou art thy last! Oh hapless fate
That took from dying Abel his ship mate.
To heav'n he's gone, t' enjoy eternal bliss,
And must we grieve at happiness like this?
Oh! not but love is keen, and nature frail,
And thoughts of parting will o'er us prevail;
Altho' that parting but for a time we know,
Still tears will come, and love and grief will show
That mortals are but mortals weak and vain,
Soon pleas'd with pleasure, soon cast down with pain:
Such is our frame, and so our passions move,
In extacy of joy, or extacy of love.
We fix great comfort in our childrens lot,
And think them safe when lolling in a cot;
But then, alas, a boisterous sea comes on,
Our childrens sick, and often soon they're gone.
Such was the fate of this dear boy we've lost;
He knows no pain—our bosoms feel the most.
Lie still our beating hearts, and grieve no more;
He's gone to board upon a happier shore:
To dwell with angels, like himself ador'd
By our Creator, his most precious Lord.
Such happy thoughts, tho' mingl'd with our grief,
Should in these present moments give relief:
As he is happy, out of sorrow's way,
Enjoying comfort in eternal day.
Assist, kind heaven, with thy most gracious hand,
His grieved Parents, all within the land;
To take thy dispensations, when and where,
As marks of thy most tender love and care;
And teach them so to number all their days,
And strive to please thee, in their wills and ways.

A sensible Epistle, which evinces the placidness of the Author's temper, and places him in a very favourable light.

Mrs. Moffett,

I Have sent exactly the remainder of your Gloves; and would have taken the opportunity of bringing them home myself, but if in my presuming to enter your doors, I had been affronted, I should have resented it extremely ill; and on the other hand, my company being scandalous, leads me to think my absence will be much more agreeable than my presence. Mrs. Amry ought first to consider, who is your best friend? before either she or you are ruled by any other, to the prejudice of your most interested friend!

I always considered your interest and welfare as soon, nay I may say before my own, which return ought to have been with gratitude, and not in so affronting a manner as she behaved, for that was making the thing treasonable! Was I ever so foul a beast, (had I but money) I should have been accepted, my personal accomplishments admired, and my company made much more agreeable. But where there is no money there is no merit, at least according to the opinion of the vulgar. I do not think myself in the least degree inferior to Mrs. Amry. If we look back, and take it rightly into consideration, there is no difference between us in birth and parentage, nor in the course of this transitory life. Neither she nor you have occasion to stand so much in fear of your neighbours, because God has so graciously provided for you out of their reach, for which you ought to be very thankful and rest satisfied.

I do not not send these [the gloves, &c.] in the heat of passion, but in coolness of blood: And if I have at any time in the course of my life behaved ill to you, let me know in what measure, and I shall be ready to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman.

From your well wisher, 'till death.

A Sketch of a broken Farmer imitating a Nobleman.

ONCE upon a time I was going to Stow, and accidentally fixing my eye upon a white gate, which I took for an outward gate to some nobleman's seat at the end of a park, was very desirous to satisfy my curiosity; accordingly I passed on to the next white gate and several others, and thought after passing thro' so many of these white gates I must certainly very soon reach the hall, castle, or palace, when coming to the last gate, seeing the pallasades before me, and owing to a defect in my eyes, taking some hay-stacks for the noble pillars of the mansion, I boldly advanced; but alas! to my inexpressible chagrin and mortification, instead of the nobleman's seat, my vivid imagination had painted, I found myself in Mr. ——'s hog-stye!

An Epitaph.

DEATH can't disjoin
Whom Christ thinks fit to join in love:
Life leads to death,
And death to life above.

A Love Letter, which most delightfully unfolds the anxieties of that tender Passion! with a Postscript, containing an excellent Receipt to make Ague Ointment.

In the presence of God,

I Love you as I do my own soul, neighbour Ellvess; yet I must acknowledge that it is not from the courtesy I have experienced, when in your presence, that gives me any encouragement to expect a return of your affection.

In such a strenuous order have my spirits been oppressed, for the full space of ten years, that I scarce knew whether I was man or woman. And your being so churlish to me, I think proceeds from God's appointment and jurisdiction, that I should be in a perpetual uneasiness. Beloved! I endeavour to abate the affection that I have for your person, and would willingly place it upon some other woman, but cannot do it; for Mary! my soul clings to you! I never see you, nor hear of you, but I am uneasy as a child for the mother: And I assure you, that your ill treatment is as piercing to my spirit, as a sword in my side.

I intreat of God to perplex your mind with love towards a man with the same burden, that you may know what I endure. The beast and bird, Mary! are more respectful to their kind than you are to me; and I think myself equal to you, in endeavouring to procure a living for both of us. Where is the disgrace to you, that I cannot be admitted one hour to you? As true as God's in heaven, I am almost crazy! yet I do not grudge to write, if you be but willing to read, and you are sadly mistaken, if you think I want any

thing but your affection; yet I could be glad, if God would separate us by the stroke of death. I should be amazingly pleased, if you would say as the Psalmist says, "let us go to the house of God with chearful countenance, and there praise the Lord." Adam, in the garden, told God, he had no contentment alone; for which reason he created Eve for Adam's happiness.

I am always concerned to see your dislike to business, and would be glad to assist you, if you would permit me so to do. It is incredible, nor will any body think I can respect you so much as I do; but God knows my heart.—I can hardly keep myself quiet on your account. Any reasonable man would think you might give me leave to come into your house and neither of us be ashamed! One moment in your company gives ease to my oppressed mind, my sincere and adored Chief Delight! whom I esteem above all women! And by these do intreat of you to receive this effusion in friendly order, which will be much to the satisfaction of your sincere Lover.

P. S. As a further proof of my feverish Affection for you, I have sent you an excellent Receipt to make Ague Ointment, in case you should ever be affected with that terrible complaint: it is a most capital one, and was given to me by my grandmother Tabitha Coward.

A Receipt to make Ague Ointment.

Take of Goose-grease, or Gander's, it signifieth not which, four ounces; of the leaves of Elder, two handfuls; boil these well together over a gentle fire, till all the virtues of the plant are extracted, and then strain it, and set it by till cold, when it will be fit for use.

The dutiful Child's Resolution.

1

MY Parents dear
I'll love and fear,
And hearken to God's voice;
Good counsel take,
And that will make
The angels to rejoice.

2

I'll not be of those
Who grace oppose,
And give their minds to play,
But let my mind
Be well inclin'd
In seeking wisdom's way.

3

I'll learn in youth,
To speak the truth,
Abhor deceit and lying:
Whilst I do live,
Then God will give
Me comfort when I'm dying.

4

I'll take great care
That I don't swear,
Nor take God's name in vain;
Nor lye nor steal,
For such must feel
Hell's everlasting pain.

5

But spend my days
In God's own ways,

Obey the laws he's giv'n;
Then at the last,
My days being past,
I'll be a saint in Heaven.

May 27th, 1777.

The following is part of a Tragedy, which I began to compose some Years ago, upon a very interesting Subject; but which, to the irreparable loss of all good Christians, I had never time to finish. The candid Reader will excuse such faults as he may discover, when he is informed, that it was composed whilst I was following my lawful Calling.

First Part of First Act.

Scene.—The Garden of Eden.

Enter Adam, sighing most amazingly.

O Woman! Woman! can I e'er forgive
The deep—and death-producing crime of thine,
That brought destruction on a world like this;
Never—never alas! to end.—How great the fall
We must experience from that dreadful crime;
Hurl'd from the garden of eternal flowers,
This paradise where every beauty lives,
And spicy odours wanton on each breeze!
Each serious heart is troubled at our doom,
Each mortal eye is red with weeping!—
And thro' thy disobedience, shall I again
Clasp thee with rapture to this aching heart,
And call thee ever by the sacred name of friend?

No—no— out of my sight—begone—begone—
Depart thou curs'd betrayer of mankind!

Eve replies—groaning piteously.

Be not so rash, O Partner of life,
To curse that crime thou migh'st have done thyself;
Allur'd by such sweet captivating charms,
By such delicious fruit—I thought it hard
That thou so long in ignorance shou'dst remain,
When knowledge, with its facinating charms
Was—offered at so easy an expence.

Adam.

Ungrateful Eve!—is this the recompence of love;
Is this the right return of gratitude to me?

Eve.

O had I known the miserable plight
My rash compliance would have brought us into;
Sooner than yielded, I had died.—O yes!
But then methought, when wisdom was so cheap,
It had been foolish not to taste its charms.
And Adam! with thy prophet-searching eye,
Thou cans't behold futurity's abyss!
And well thou knowest, that in times to come,
How dear will be each article of trade!

Adam, with great tenderness.

It was ordained by fate—it must be so—

It certainly is true—and its great power
Must form the dictates of each mortal soul;
I must abate my passion—for 'tis hot.
And now the new-made sun inflames the air,
Frying—fish—flesh—and fowl—I will be meek,
And turn with pleasure to my dearest Eve—
Tell her sweet tales of love; the while each eye
Beaming with genuine rapture, shall unfold
The secret wishes of our mingling souls!
But Eve, on air we cannot live, nor love!
Then fits it us to seek the pantry's shade!
Come on my love.

Exeunt Adam and Eve arm in arm.

*Letter to the Right Worshipful the Mayor of ***.*

May it please your Honour

TO excuse my freedom, in sending you a just and true account of the vile and malicious usage I yesterday met withal from K—mb—ll the Serjeant, which was most scandalous, as also very unjust.

In the afternoon, being Tuesday the 5th day of November, 1771, K—mb—ll the Serjeant entered my house, and demanded of me one shilling and six pence, for a Beam and Scales which had never been tried by the Headboroughs, neither had they been used for three months before, nor any thing served in the shop nor weighed in them, but as I told the Headboroughs, they only hung in the top part of the shop useless, and had they tried them, they would have

found them even and just; but instead of which, they took them down and carried them to the door, and broke them, and said they should have been set backward or out of the way, only because they were not new, which, according to my opinion, is beyond both law and reason.

And on Wednesday, November the 6th, in the afternoon, K—mb—ll the Serjeant, and F—s—n the Bell-man, both came into my house and demanded the money; said they would take some goods, which they accordingly did by force, viz. five Forks, new ones, at one shilling and two pence a piece, and carried them to the sign of the Red-Cow, and sold three of them at one shilling a piece, and brought six pence back, which I reasonably deem a robbery, and more especially as it was twelve months, more or less, after the time, and without any manner of notice within that twelve months, from either Mayor, Aldermen, Headboroughs, or any person whatever, to pay any rates whatever.

Now, in vindication of my own right and just cause, I think it but reasonable to acquaint your Honour with the whole truth of the matter, as is above; and I should personally that same evening, have waited upon you, and delivered this same account, had opportunity served; but I was then, and have been prevented ever since, by sudden illness; from which said reason and true account, I hope your Worship will take it into consideration and return the two shillings and six pence, besides other damages done to me; not only in greatly disturbing my peace of mind, but exposing and selling my Forks under value two pence a piece.

The Headboroughs, or some other enemies to me, may have delivered to your Worship some other false report, and perhaps very false account, of which I am very certain, if it was delivered to your Honour in any different manner to what I have above mentioned, which is all at present from your humble Servant,

And sincere Friend,

NATHAN COWARD,

Opposite the Ball Corner, in Lynn-Regis, Norfolk.

Reflection upon seeing my Neighbour Bury at the point of Death.

WHAT creatures are we!
Under the hands of he,
Who created us for to be
Objects of his great mercy:
And the same must I be,
When years seventy,
Creep upon me!

June 4th, 1777.

The Days of Yore: A Song, by my Grandfather.

1

WHEN I was in my prime,
Since which 'tis three-score year,
How different was the time?
How different was the cheer?

With hospitality
Each guest was welcom'd then;
Without form or flatt'ry,
Was bid to come again.

2

The Tradesman did not think
To ape the Noble Lord,
No wine he then did drink,
No silver grac'd his board;
But pudding, beef, and ale,
A plain and wholesome fare,
With joke, and merry tale,
Were then thought dainties rare!

3

In comely russet clad,
The honest Farmer went;
And times were ne'er so bad,
But he could pay his rent.
Gin, brandy, rum, and tea,
Were in our land unknown;
Contented then were we,
To live upon our own.

4

Our Ladies in those days,
No kickshaw toys devis'd;
Who thought to merit praise,
All wanton arts despis'd:
They borrow'd not their face,
They borrow'd not their hair,
'Twas all a native grace,
That made them look so fair.

5

Good wives and maidens then,
A plain brown camblet wore;
And worthy gentlemen,
Of broad-cloth set great store.
'Twas then a comely sight,
A good brown loaf to see;
And all men took delight
In deeds of charity.

6

At Valentine or Eastes,
A merry dance we spent;
And for a single teaster,
Could purchase much content:
On Christmas holy eve,
We rung a merry peal,
And then we had good leave
To drink like hearts of steel!

7

Blind superstitious rites,
We valued not at all;
But spent our jovial nights
With Margery, Joan, and Poll.
Good cheer did then abound,
With store of nappy ale;
And we kiss'd the wenches round,
With dish-clout at our tail.

CHORUS.

So pass'd our merry time,
In the happy days of yore;

But those blest days are gone,
And we ne'er shall see them more.

A Receipt for a Consumption.

A Pound of Lump Sugar, a pound of Dodmans out of the shells, a pound of honey, a quart of Mountain wine, and a quart of water, all baked together in a pot in an oven, as long as a penny loaf takes baking; then strained through a cheese cloth and put into glass bottles; and let the patient take a tea cup full, night and morning, the first and last thing they do.

This recovered my Wife, who was given over by the Doctors.

Your's,

NATHAN COWARD,
Glover, at Dersingham, Norfolk.

An Answer to a Valentine.

I Have sent some Lines to thee,
As you sent a few to me:
Not a word of sense was there,
Tho' a deal of truth is here.
My advice, from hence pray take,
And these childish ways forsake:
All your giddy actions leave,
And be serious as the grave.

But I'm young you may reply—
Not so young but you may die:
Young and old are call'd by death,
Then prepare to leave this earth;
Do not strive to dress so fine,
Whilst your actions scarcely shine;
No more Lady-like appear,
But the roll take from your hair;
Let your cap be plain and low:
Bid the haughty girls adieu;
Your grandmother's true words obey,
And take great care of what you say.
Love not cards, and love not dress;
But turn from sin to righteousness

July 10*th*, 1773.

A very deep Love Letter.

Sir,

IT is to no purpose. You may write often; but I shall never read your Letters.—At parting I told you the situation of my unhappy mind; I told you that my peace was fled for ever. Were I to marry you, I could not feel that affection for you I ought to do, for my heart is not my own, and you may as well strive to stop the motion of the sea, as to endeavour to make me love you with sincerity. Had I not resigned my heart to an unworthy man who has deceived me, I

might have been happy. I have loved and loved, God knows how sincerely, but—the sweet visions I once formed are faded away—alas! for ever.

Your Friend, ———.

Every one knows that Poets are the Children of Fancy and not of Reason, which I trust will be a sufficient Apology for inserting the following Epitaphs. My Wife, some years back was dangerously ill, and I expected every minute would have been her last. Sitting one evening by her bed-side, lost in the cogibundity of cogitation, and under the influence of Fancy, I imagined that she was actually dead, and wrote the following Epitaphs; but to my great surprize she soon recovered, and has for many years past contributed materially to my happiness. N. C.

Epitaph. 1.

MY Wife is dead—she was the best,
And I her bosom Friend;
Yes, she is gone; her soul's at rest,
And I am left to mend.

Epitaph 2.

O dismal, gloomy Shade, that evening had,
That bore thy life away:
O may thou wake, supremely blest
In everlasting day.

Elegy on an Infant, the Day she died.

THE scene is past!—Thy thread is quickly spun;
Thy days are ended, and thy life is done.
Thy little frame, no health, no comfort knew,
Nor ease, but pain, was every breath he drew.
These sixteen weeks, thou sojourn'd here below,
Thou felt the constant weight of human woe
In all thy limbs, in every place and part;
Thy head, thy lungs, thy stomach, and thy heart.
Thy tender frame, by strong convulsions rent
With gnawing pains, thy days and nights were spent.
But now releas'd from pain, and every grief,
Thou feel'st no more, but calmly sleep'st in death.
Sweet babe! we feel a parent's parting pain,
Which damps our mind, and chills our every vein.
With grief we bring thee to thy mother-earth,
But there's a hope which gives us sure relief:
The time will come when Death itself shall fall,
And life and health shall be restor'd to all.
Then shalt thou live again, but free from woe,
Nor feel again what thou hast felt below.
Rais'd from the pit of death, thy little form
Shall dwell in peace, secure from every storm.

March 19*th*, 1777.

A new method of Courtship,

BY which any one may be made happy in a minute. And by making a proper use of the emblematical device on the ensuing page, there will be no occasion for

the parties concerned to be in the company of each other more than twice, before every thing will be honourably and satisfactorily adjusted. By paying a due regard to which likewise, all dangers, such as loss of time, loss of limbs, loss of trades, loss of sight, broken legs, robberies, murders, deaths, fires, and all other fatal consequences may be avoided, and which will confer happiness upon all the world.

It will be sufficient only to shew my Readers the Device, without giving any further explanation, as the intent must be obvious to every capacity.

This is the Device.

It would be needless for the Author to enumerate the many dangers, &c. attendant upon a long Courtship; he will therefore only relate the following, which his Readers may depend upon as a fact:—My Sister's intended Husband going to see her one dark evening, was obliged to pass thro a large field, and walking along the path, a large black bull suddenly rushed upon him, and hurled him several yards over the edge; fortunately for him, he received but a slight bruise; but had the bull's horns entered his bowels,

he would certainly have lost his life, and my Sister a tender Husband, and an agreeable Companion.

On the Lisbon Earthquake.

NO more let Fools what solemn is deride,
Nor place their confidence on state and pride:
The present moment know,—'tis all your own,
God knows what's only, when the next is flown.
To day, a Monarch, plac'd upon the throne
May sway a sceptre,—be the next undone.
A scene so moving, of what here appears
Might force from savage eyes, a flood of tears.
LISBON! thy fate sincerely all deplore!
The pride of kingdoms once, but now no more!
LISBON! thy blooming laurels are decay'd;
Each sumptous edifice, each pile waste-lay'd.
Thousands now want, that could of plenty boast,
And unknown numbers in the ruins lost!
Let those alive condole and gently smart,
With all the symptoms of a contrite heart:
A sad catastrophe! a shocking sight!
To eye the ruins of the last day's night·
What must we name this, but a foe;
An horrid portrait of the last night's woe.
None knows but Providence may so decree,
That what they suffer'd, may our sufferings be;
Unless we cast off pride and humble are,
And place before our eyes God's grace and fear.
Be sober, vigilant, both night and day;
But all intreaties vain, if we delay.

Bow stubborn knee—relentless heart relent—
Compassion moves—grace charms thee to repent.
Embrace what's serious—what's profane despise,
Don't trust another morrow, but be wise:
Be not presumptous, or desponding then,
For God is certainly, the God of men!
Then turn to us, O Lord, we'll mend our ways;
Restore once more the joy of former days:
Pour down a blessing; let a suppliant know
From pure repentance does sweet mercy flow.

A strange and wonderful old Prophecy.

NOTE: He is not the son of Adam, an old Levite, nor John the Baptist, nor yet the wandering Jew; he was before them all,—his generation was before Adam, with whom he was in Paradise, and with Noah in the ark, and near Christ at his funeral. His cloathing was neither linen, woollen, silk, nor hair, yet it abounds in various sorts of colours; his coat sits fast to his back without either buttons or loops; it sticks fast to his back without either stitch or needle; he wears neither staff nor sword, nor any other weapon of war, yet he often encounters his enemies and kills them dead on the spot: He neither wears cap, hat, nor bonnet, nor any other head attire: His beard is red as vermillion; he walks bare-footed, bare-headed, and bare-legged, like an old friar; if he has but one morsel of bread he will invite them all to eat of it: He is neither conformist nor unconformist, nor any such:

The church he scorns; the meeting he disdains; he would not go over the door threshold to hear a Sermon, yet he once preached a Sermon before an eminent Pope, who thought to have no sin, but at length brought tears from the old Pope's eyes in abundance.

The Parents' Advice to his Child.

AND my dear Child, with carefulness,
Lest thou thro' youthful wantonness;
And so by adding sin to sin,
And when your judgment doth begin,
I charge you then in any sort,
Spend not your youthful days in sport;
Avoid those rude and wicked boys,
Love not their plays and sinful toys.
My heart hath many a thought
To greater sins be brought:
You waste your time and strength;
In vain you mourn at length.
Your great Creator mind,
Which cannot be regain'd,
Who make a mock of sin,
To fear the Lord begin.

The Child's Address to their Parents, for their Education.

NEXT unto God, dear Parents I address
Myself to you, in humble thankfulness

For all your care and charge on me bestow'd,
The means of learning unto me allow'd.
Go on, I pray, and let me still pursue
Those golden arts, the vulgar never knew!

Instance of Bravery in a Regiment of Taylors.

THE Hereditary Prince of Brunswick so charmed at the heroic behaviour of Elliot's Light Horse, in an engagement with the French, of which he was a witness, declared that every private man seemed qualified to be an officer. The major part of this Regiment was composed of young men scarce exceeding twenty years of age, all of them Taylors, and they were then headed by the Right Honourable the Earl of P——, their Lieutenant-Colonel. We are assured that when they went through Bremen, soon after they landed, many of the inhabitants shed tears, at seeing so many sprightly English youths going to the wars.

One of my sudden Thoughts.

The Church-Wardens are like many more of the Inhabitants and other Parish Officers, very negligent in their Duty.

A Town Chamberlain you have 'tis true; a smart, nimble, little man, but I believe, the pride of his heart and delight lies more in the band of his hat, or the curls of his wig, than in his head for the corporation service, or the public's welfare. *Aug.* 1770.

The sincere Lovers.

THE timorous Youth with sighs intreats the Fair,
Which she rejects, with a disdainful air;
Yet pines in thought, and bears an equal part
Of all his anguish, in her aching heart.
In real love, the sex alike the same,
Torture themselves, to give their Lovers' pain!

The Marigold.

HAVING much business at this time I could not conveniently come down, as I promised you, but I hope it will be taken equally the same, in my sending you a few Flowers to adorn your window; amongst which I have sent a few Marigolds, which are generally esteemed no more than cucumber plants. But my particular observations upon them, I conceive, will render them peculiarly worthy of your attention. In the first place, it pays its homage to its Creator, by closing itself in the evening, and by which means also it preserves its beauty; and in the morning it discloses itself with that same pleasant countenance it returned to rest, which may be well compared to that sleep we enjoy. If our Saviour, who was sent to redeem mankind from sin, was derided and spit upon, (which most certainly is a thing of the greatest importance) we need not wonder at so trifling a thing as the Marigold being neglected and despised. But as the Omnipotent Power thought fit to create that, whose

hands created us mortals, we ought not with scorn to contemn it, but accept it with gratitude, as a token of his love. I could give you further grounds, and many more weighty observations, but my time will not permit. So conclude at present, remaining

Your ever well-wisher 'till death,

NATHAN COWARD.

A Copy of Verses upon sincere Love.

For a Valentine.

SINCE that I have my first Love lost,
And been in the same deeply crost,
Suppose towards you I had a taste,
And my second affections on you were plac'd;
And if we in our arguments can agree,
Consider seriously, if you can fancy me?
That in so doing you may become
In little time, the happiest of women.
Marriage state is the happiest sure,
If in true love they do endure.
There is in true love an endless bliss,
That thrice happy her condition is,
To those that alone do dwell,
And the pleasures of matrimony cannot tell:
And if they are both in one mind,
With joy and pleasure they are enjoin'd.
A true Lover I will become
To one I think me worthy on;

And in my station so agreeing,
May settle in some happy being!
Man and woman ordain'd by God above
For help-mates to each other, in mutual love.
And I have consider'd your age to be,
More suitable and agreeable for me:
Because so many in crossing each other do delight,
Makes them unhappy and ruins their pleasure quite.
A long preamble does not avail,
Nor is any addition to a true tale!
For you women kind are often overcome,
By that deceitful flatt'ring thing—the tongue!
And in a man of merit will not abide,
But in a false tongue there will reside:
Tho' to your sorrow you often find
The fairest tongue the most troubled mind.
So, if in God, we should combine,
I choose thee for my Valentine!

A Love Letter, by particular Desire.

WHAT must I both start the question and answer it? Well, if I must—I must.

There is something in Courtship, that in my humble opinion, may be compared to Paradise, or the tree of knowledge, whose fruit once tasted gives so strong an inspiration, that ever after the soul cannot resist the temptation. N. B, But this in some cases only.

Marriage is like war; the battle causes fear, but the sweet hope of winning at the last stimulates them to proceed. But the effects of Matrimony are much more

agreeable than war, because the engagement may be accomplished without being prejudicial to the welfare of society. Were I to mention all the comparisons my warm imagination could furnish me with, it would swell this paper to a very great bulk; but I will decline arguing upon that as a tedious narration.

So to conclude. The many inconveniences attending my being in business alone are beyond conception, and I wish the fatigue to be abated by sharing it with some congenial soul, who may be intrusted with both secrets and circumstances, and all affairs of importance too tedious to mention.

An Epitapth.

WHAT art thou Woman; for what end design'd?
Thou fairest, frailest part of human kind:
A sex design'd to please, or plague us still;
Man's greatest good, or most injurious ill!

Reflections on a calm Moon-shine Night at Sea.

SWEET is the face of night, and scarce a breeze
Disturbs the silent surface of the seas;
Straight let my wond'ring eyes with rapture gaze,
And view thy works, O Nature! with amaze:
Cast off awhile the gloom of earthly cares,
And read the Eternal in yon round of stars.

Thither the Moon in borrow'd brightness glides,
Illumes the Earth and elevates the tides;
Thousands of starry worlds afford their light,
And twinkling, beautify the face of night.
Worlds, amid worlds, round suns most distant roll;
The thought perplexes, but uplifts the soul.
Wondrous are these thy works, thou great Supreme!
The Sage's study, and the Poet's theme.
In adoration let me quickly kneel,
And thank thee for the benefits we feel:
Thank thee for light, whereby I gladly see
These glorious works, and in their glories, Thee!

A wonderful, incomprehensible, and pathetic Dream.

IN the first vision of the night, when deep sleep came upon me, I thought I was discoursing with Daniel Dunderson the shoe-maker, in High-street, Lynn, concerning Robert Plumb's affairs at Scole, near Scole-Bridge, who broke and defrauded his creditors of several hundred pounds, when suddenly I heard a horrid dismal crash, like the noise of a thousand Merry-Andrew's Rackets; and I saw, as it were the appearance of a flame of fire in the shape of a wig-block, floating on the clouds; and I beheld it without the least apprehension of danger.

Secondly, I saw in the same manner, but something larger, a blue flame, in the shape of a Patagonian cucumber, when I immediately said unto Daniel Dunderson, with a small degree of fear, did you see it?

but he only turned his wig round on his left hand, laughed at it, and opened his tobacco-box.

Thirdly, it was, as it were, the appearance of a dark cloud intermixed with great light; and in a small space of time there issued forth flames of fire from it, to the astonishment of us both; but we still remained together continuing our discourse.

Fourthly, there arose in the like manner clouds of greater darkness, and intermixed with greater light, to the astonishment, surprize, and horror of us both; which event appeared to us like something of great importance.

Fifthly, there arose, in the same manner, clouds, much larger and very dismal to behold, from which issued forth fire with so much force as to cast the tiles of the houses upon our heads; and being surprised to see Mr. Dunderson so exceedingly careless, I uttered forth in speech as follows: if we stand here, my beloved Friend, (miserable sinners we are) we shall endanger our lives; and at length, with much persuasion I prevailed upon him to remove from that place, and upon our removing, to our fear and danger, there arose clouds of fire, which surrounded the whole town so effectually as to drive us before it, like two sheep going to be slaughtered; and being brought into a small circuit, even at the mouth of the sea, and no other appearance but death and destruction before our eyes, and involved without the least hope of escaping; I replied, why do we thus stand trembling, while destruction is come upon us? our lot is very evident before our eyes; there is nothing but fire and water around us; and doubtless when heaven and earth are coming so near each other, we must all inevitably perish. As

to making any attempts backward, it is impossible, for who can pass through fire, or wade through the ocean! Where can be our escape? It is better to drown than burn; Which shall we do? But at that instant Providence extended his hand to relieve us; and we soon found ourselves at the sign of the Blue Bear, endeavouring to banish fear, by regaling upon cakes and purl.

This Dream increased my faith; and I conclude it was sent to me as a caution, to preserve me from the influence of temptation. 1775.

The Author's Conclusion.

WELL, gentle Reader, by this time thou hast roved through my little paradise of sweets! and I hope not without receiving some degree of pleasure and instruction. But Reader, this garden resembles every other, there are many flowers and there are some weeds; and thou well knowest, that the most skilful gardener cannot prevent their unwelcome intrusion. The good-natured Reader will, I am confident, pardon my presumption when I say, that I am myself a flower, or if he pleases, I am like many others, a *flowering weed!* Considerable is the time I have blossomed in the valley of life: and altho' like the humble lily of the vale I have bloomed in the shades of obscurity, like that, too often have I experienced the oppression of tyrannizing man, and not unfrequently felt the chill blasts of adversity. Alas! as I have observed before,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

However, I am conscious I begin to fade; and be assured, that if I should be so fortunate as to blossom a few years longer, it must entirely be imputed to the animating influence of your praises, which will be grateful as the pure and renovating dews of heaven. And when at length the soft breeze of evening shall fly over the spot where I once bloomed, the Traveller will refresh it with the soft tears of melancholy, and sigh at the frailty of all sublunary grandeur!

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